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1-20-87

Dear Mr Monroe,

I have just finished reading "Far Journeys" & have sent it to a friend in the south of France. He had responded to my invitation to invest with me in a real estate project by stating that he is not looking for an investment, but an interest, & requested any suggestions. 70 years old, single, he has all the material possessions a man could want. "Far Journeys" was my suggestion.

I had my second OOBE experience while reading the book (I woke up at about 4 am - had the thought "It's so easy" & sort of shrugged ~~free~~ out of phase then rolled free of my body. The journey out of the body lasted about 1hr30 minutes & seemed to - well, here is the account I wrote

down upon my return (edited for brevity):- on second thoughts, I will simply attach a photocopy of the notes I made on re-entry. I have the following comments to add: 1) There are no overhead powerlines in my subdivision,
2) The likelyhood of anyone being in a swimming pool at 4.30 am, on a weekday, in january, is remote, even in comparatively mild climated tucson
3) These incongruities did not strike me as such at the time - I was no more critical than I would be in a dream - yet throughout I had the definite sense that I was out of my body.
4) when opening my eyes after the thought "home" the feeling of dismay at finding myself still in the flop house was sharp but I adjusted to the situation rapidly.

Apparently a) I shifted into a different dimension either immediately after leaving my body or after leaving my neighbors house, leaving part of my conscious faculties behind,

or b) I dreamt the whole thing.

In favor of a):

A sort of physical stretching feeling somewhat akin to having a thin layer of latex over my whole body that is pulled off all at once that I have experienced at other times in my attempts to project where I felt I was on the threshold, but not quite able to ;I:

The feeling of wakefulness from the time I left to the time I returned to my body, opened my eyes, & started writing - totally unlike waking - sleeping - waking transitions I am used to.

Need I say I am interested in anything that will help me master the mechanics of disengagement from the physical - particularly any cassette tapes that I could use - also possibly the Gateway program - I would appreciate further information & assistance

yours truly,

[redacted]

12. Jan 87

4.25 pm.

wake up - get idea to try projection.
lying on side
think, it's so easy - with the thought
I feel the tension of disengagement
but do not breech free.
start to rock sideways back & forth
slightly & repeat thought - after a
couple more attempts I roll out &
fly out through wall & with a
swimming motion I fly thru the
wall of my neighbour Sarah's place.
feeling I am intruding I do not
stay long.
I fly up, thru some power wires
I pass I hand thru then giggly
first. there is a slight feeling of
difference in substance but no
solidity. seeing a lighted swimming
pool I dive in - 3 or 4 people
in pool - I surface close to a girl -
she seems to have an idea of
my presence tho she cannot see me
& looks puzzled.
Into another home - 2 little boys
asleep - I wake them, grab them by
the hands & take them for a short
flite - puzzled at first but unscared, they
love it - return them to their beds,

don't remember if bodies were there. say good bye.

Into another building - lie on a bed with brown ribbed bedspread for sheets. leave. fly up decide it is time to return - I think "home" & open my eyes - I am lying on a bed in a tenement with the same bedspread / sheet. damn wrong body!

A scruffy looking individual comes into the room & towards me. he looks angry & puzzled - I assure him I will be gone shortly - I assure he is the owner of the body I lie down but seem to be firmly fixed in this body.

It is morning, people are moving around - this seems to be a flophouse - A woman comes up to me & (in relation) points to the floor which is a worn fibrous looking linoleum. she points to some dirt congealed between raised lines in the floor "what is this" she says - I get the idea I was supposed to have cleaned it - looking around I see there is dirt all over the floor - I assume that I had undertaken to clean it in exchange for lodging

& had done an inadequate job - I ask for a scrub brush & offer to do it over - while she goes to get a brush I approach a man in his 50's unshaven, missing teeth - with a book & ask him what town this is - he looks startled & backs away - "my friend's town" he mumbles - I try to look reassuring & smile - "& what's it called, that's all I want to know" he mumbles "Detroit Michigan, motor town"

No kidding! In spite of the depressing circumstances I am impressed that I travel so far - my spirits brighten - I feel the stretching feeling & I am back in my body in bed in Tucson - excited & hugely relieved. at 5.45 am

comments.

1) loss of part of my critical faculties, although conscious
2) consciousness without body sensations as sensation, sense of smell - specially while in the flop house (salvation army or similar - also no hunger in morning for hangover!)